

The Korea Mission Field

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The Seoul Press

HAS BEEN SERVING YOU
FOR THE PAST TWENTY-SIX YEARS
AND
IS STILL ON THE JOB

As We Believe In The Familiar Maxim

“GIVE AND TAKE”

WHY NOT FALL IN LINE



MISS MARGARET BEST, LL.D.

(See page 241)



TENTH CONVENTION OF THE KOREAN Y. W. C. A.

(See page 244)

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 11

Unto the Least of These

A Christmas Play from Korea, in One Act.

BY ELLASUE WAGNER

Characters :—

Carol singers.....a group of four or five.
The S. S. teacher.....leader of the singers.
Kim.....the shop-keeper.
A leper.....
A beggar woman with baby on her back.
The landlord.. a rich man.
An old apple woman ...
The thief a boy who steals an apple.
Policeman
Chimney-sweep.....
Four students

Scene :—A characteristic Korean street shop. The back of the shop opens to the audience ; the front of the shop, without doors, is even with the pavement.

The shop, is very poor ; the stock consists of a few pieces of dry goods, matches, candles, small piles of apples, oranges and chestnuts. The shop-keeper sits cross-legged on a small mat near the pavement. The entire shop is not more than 10 feet square.

Time :—the present. Christmas Eve night.

Properties : Tea kettle on *wharo* (charcoal fire), cup, coat hanging on nail on wall. Korean paper lantern, cane, cash-box.

The street shop of Kim. The shop-keeper is seated on a mat, his face buried in his hands ; attitude of depression and sadness. Sighs deeply. On the street, beyond the

shop, out of sight, a group of S. S. boys and girls stop to sing a Christmas carol.

Kim : (Shaking his head sadly). All this noise about Christmas ! It makes me tired. No sense in it at all. What is Christmas any way ? It is all some foolishness of these crazy people called Christians. If they want to be Christians why can't they do it without making so much noise about it ?

S. S. Teacher, (the leader of the singers, stops at the shop and looks about the shelves) : Hello ! Have you any candles ? See my lantern is almost burned out. (Holds up Korean paper lantern).

Kim : (Gruffly) Yes, candles. (Takes down candles from the shelf.) How many do you want ?

S. S. Teacher : Two will be enough I guess.

Kim : Two sen.

S. S. Teacher : Here it is. Thank you. We will be out singing until late to-night. May need both of these candles before we get home.

Kim : Yes, making a lot of senseless noise and keeping decent people awake when they want to sleep. Why don't you go to bed ?

Teacher : But its Christmas, you see ! This is the happiest time of all the year. We are happy and we want others also to be happy.

Kim : Happy ! Happy ! (With a sneer.) You are happy, are you ? Well, I'm not. I'm sick and miserable and lonely. My family are all dead, except my boy and he ran away. What have I to be happy about, tell me that ?

Teacher : O, yes, it was for just such people as you that the Lord Jesus came to earth. To help the sick and lonely and miserable ones of earth. That is what Christmas means, that Jesus came to earth to save us.

Kim : What is this thing you call Christmas anyway ? Foolishness !

Teacher : No, it is not foolishness. This day we celebrate is the birthday of Jesus.

Kim : When was he born ? Was it in Korea ? It must have been lately, I never heard about Christmas when I was a boy.

Teacher : No, not in Korea. A long time ago. In a land across the sea,—in—

Kim : (Interrupting) O, stop ! What does it mean to us if it was a long time ago in a land across the sea ?

Teacher : O, but listen ! The Lord Jesus still lives today. His Spirit is in the world today. It is the Spirit of Love.

Kim : Where is He ? I never saw Him !

Teacher : He is in the heart of those who follow Him.

Kim : O, yes, some catch about it ! Now see here, young fellow, if I could see this Jesus you all talk about and sing about—if I could see Him—but what's the use of this kind of talk ?

Teacher : (Takes a New Testament from his pocket) Here take this. Read what it says about the Lord, and to-morrow or very soon, I will come and tell you more about it. (Holds out the book.)

Kim : (Looks at the book doubtfully) I don't want your book.

Teacher : Well, just take it and read what I have marked in it. You say that you are lonely and miserable, and that if you could see Jesus you would accept the help He gives. Try it. May be *you will see Jesus*. Please take the book. (Holds it out again.)

Kim : (Slowly and uncertainly takes the

book.) Guess it won't hurt to read a little of it. (Turns over pages of the book. The teacher goes out.)

Kim : Let's see, here is something marked. Wonder what this is. (Reads aloud :)

"God is Love. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is Love" that sound pretty good—but how can you love God ?

(Turns over pages, reads again :)

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that when he shall appear that we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is " Now see here, this says : "We shall see him as he is..... " I wonder what that means. (Sits quietly. Closes the book. Studies.) I wonder what it means. Now if I could see this Jesus that talks so much about love,—may be He would bring me comfort and peace, too, like these others say He does.

(Slowly nods, and falls asleep with the book in his hand. Kim sleeps. He hears a Voice speak.)

Voice : Behold, my tabernacle is with men ! Kim—the shop-keeper, listen.—Would you see me, whom men call Jesus ? Wait for me, look for me ! I shall come to this very shop to-night !

* * * *

(Kim stirs, rubs his eyes, wakens and sits up straight with a surprised look in his face.)

Kim : That was no dream ! I did really hear a voice and Jesus said he would come to this shop this very night. Then I'll ask him what all these strange words mean.

(Leper comes to the open shop. Pitiful bundle of rags : feet wrapped in old coat, limps painfully up.)

Leper : Pity, pity, have pity on a poor leper ! (A whiny sing-song voice.)

I'm so hungry, and so cold and homeless. Just give me a morsel to eat !

Kim : (Angrily) O, get out of here, you good-for-nothing, filthy beggar ! A leper, too ; you ought to be flogged out of the city.

(Gets up and takes his cane to beat off the leper from the shop. Leper hobbles away.)

They all ought to be killed! A danger to the whole city, we will all get this filthy disease if something is not done! Leper, ugh, —(with a shudder.)

(Turns over the leaves of the book, reads slowly "Verily I say unto you inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.")

I wonder if that means Jesus? But what then does "The least of these" mean? "The least," "The least of these," could that mean us? May be it means that poor, miserable leper that I just drove away! I do wonder—does it mean that poor leper—the "least of these"—who is that? Now if Jesus came I would treat Him as my King!

(A beggar woman with a baby on her back come to shop front. Wretched clothes. Forlorn and shivering in thin summer clothes.)

Woman: Please, kind sir! A poor homeless woman,—(Kim looks at her in dismay.)

Kim: Mercy me, what is this place coming to,—I never saw so many beggars!

Woman: I am so cold! My child is almost frozen,—and we have had nothing to eat all day.

Kim: (Scratches his head in perplexity and looks about him) Hum, I haven't much to eat either. But you do look mighty pitiful. Would you like a drop of this barley tea and a bit of this bread?

Woman: (In wolfish hunger) O, yes, yes, please, please (holds out hands while Kim pours barley tea from the kettle on the *wharo* into a cup and gives her a piece of bread from the box on a shelf.)

Kim: Tastes pretty good, doesn't it? (Woman devours it greedily.)

Woman: Blessings by thousands upon you, my master! I was ready to go and jump into the river. Now a little kindness has given me new strength. Bless you. (Bows and rubs her hands in gratitude.)

Kim: That dress looks thin for this cold winter weather, it is going to snow before morning,—here, take this coat it will help to keep the baby warm. (Takes coat from

hook on nail and gives it to her.)

Woman (wiping the tears from her face.) You are so kind. May all the mercies of eternity be yours! (Goes out.)

Kim: Poor thing! After all she was much more pitiful than I, for I have at least something to eat and something to keep me warm. (Picks up the little book to read again, but the landlord comes to the door.)

Landlord: Ho, my good man Kim! I have caught you at home this time.

Kim: (Gets up from his seat, and as he gets up he slips his cash box under the cover of the mat; seems greatly disturbed.) Good evening, my Lord. Have you come in peace?

Landlord: I came for my money! How many times must I come for this rent before I get it?

Kim: But times are so hard! (In a whining voice.) I am so poor, too. See this little shop is all that I have. Just a few more days, and I will pay you all.

Landlord: That is what you always say—One more chance, and then *out you go!* Tomorrow you pay me this rent, or out you go! (L. turns about haughtily and with a proud disdain stalks away.)

Kim: (Takes out his cash-box. Turns out the pennies and dimes and counts them.) Well, it *is* enough to pay the rent! But he has so much, he has plenty, why can't I keep this and get that new lot of tobacco for the shop? That would make my place much more popular! Old skin-flint!

But after all it is his money—not mine. If I keep this I'll be a thief—I—I ought to give it to him—yes—I will—I'll call him and give it to him now. (Runs out to find the landlord and give him the money—comes in again)—He was surprised—but if the Lord Jesus is coming to see me—he must not find a thief here.

Apple woman (with a great bowl of apples on her head) Apples! Apples Buy apples!

Kim: Go away, old woman,—I haven't any money to buy more apples until these are all sold.

Apple woman: Can't you buy just a few

more? See they are big and beautiful, much better than yours! All my money I put into these fine apples, thinking they would sell so well and I must sell them!

Kim: So must I sell these of mine also. But it is cold and dark to-night and people do not buy. How can I take yours also?

Apple woman: (Puts the bowl down to rest) My child is sick alone at home. If I can sell a few pennies' worth I will get some medicine which may save her life.

Kim: Go on. It is nothing to me. I have to sell my apples, too, or I cannot pay my rent and—then—go on, I said.

(Boy slips around and while the woman is talking steals an apple.)

Apple woman: Thief, thief, stop thief! He stole an apple. (Screams loudly) Police! Police! thief! murder! murder!

Kim: All this noise over one little apple!

Police: (Breathless) Thief? where?

Apple woman: Yonder, yonder, he ran yonder!

Police: I'll get him. (darts off after the boy.)

Apple woman: Not a little apple, it was a beautiful big one, the very biggest of the lot, on the very top.

Police: (Returns dragging the frightened boy) Here is the young rascal. (Shakes him, knocks him about.) What did he steal?

Boy: (Sobbing) Here it is. It is only an apple. (Gives it back to the woman.)

Woman: (Screams at him and is about to strike him) Wretched, good-for-nothing thief! Shame on you! When you are in the prison you will be sorry that you stole from a poor, old woman!

Boy: (terrified at the mention of prison) But I gave it back!

Apple woman: Just the same you were a thief? To prison you shall go!

Police: (In heartless way.) Well, what must I do with him? To the police station or not? After all it *was* only an apple.

Kim: (To woman) O, come, come now! Why be so angry? You got your apple back.

Let him go.

Apple woman: I will not let him go! Who are *you* to tell me what to do?

Kim: O, here! Do you want to sell those apples?

Apple woman: Of course I still want to sell them, not to let young thieves steal them! (Mumbles to herself and looks at the boy).

Kim: Well I'll tell you what, let the boy go and I'll buy the apples. How much are they?

Apple Woman: (sullenly) Fifty sen.

Kim: (Takes money from his cash-box) Here it is.

Apple Woman: (Takes up her bowl and puts it on her head and still muttering and casting glances of suspicion at boy, she hurries out.)

Boy: I'm sorry, sir. I was hungry and I didn't mean to become a thief. (Police exit).

Kim: Better think next time. Hungry, are you! Well here, this is your apple, you can eat it. (Aside) I don't see what I mean by doing this way. I'll be a ruined man if I am so foolish.....But some way—it just seems like I ought to—to do something for them. They have nothing at all.

Boy: O, thank you, sir! You are very kind. I will never steal any more. Never as long as I live!

(Exit boy. Kim takes up book to read again. The clang, clang of a chimney-sweep's gong is heard coming down the street.)

Kim: More noise. No customers, no one to buy to-night it seems; only beggars and noise makers!

(Enter Chimney-sweep with his long bamboo rods, for cleaning chimneys. Black and dirty with soot.) Well, you are a beauty!

Chimney-sweep: I'll sweep your chimney very cheap to-night! For ten sen I'll sweep your chimney.

Kim: Night's no time to clean chimneys. Why are you out at this time of night?

Chimney-sweep: That is all I know how to do to make any money and I must have something. My mother is starving to death and if

I can not take her a morsel of food to-night she will surely die.

Kim: I don't want any chimney cleaned this time of night. But I do want that infernal noise to stop. Here, I will give you some bread to take to your mother.

(Breaks a piece of the bread and gives it to him.)

Here, you, a drink of barley water? Good and hot.

(The Chimney-sweep gulps down the drink, gives back the cup.)

Chimney-sweep: You have saved two lives to-night. I give you my thanks and also for my mother. (Bows. Exit)

Kim: It's long past time to close up. (Sighs and shakes his head sadly.) I suppose that was only a dream after all, but I thought I heard a Voice! I may as well close up. No one is coming to-night. It is very late.

(Goes out of shop, looks up and down the street.) People are all at home now. No one will be out on the streets after the mid-night hour. I am a silly old man to think that the Jesus of the Christians would come to see me. (Singing is heard in the distance. Kim listens)

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide. When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless,—Lord, Abide with me!"

Kim: It's those singers coming back. Maybe that young chap who seemed to know so much about it could tell me what that Voice meant. I'll ask him.

(Teacher and group of students coming to shop):

O, its our friend the shop-keeper. Have you read any of the book I gave you?

Kim: (Eagerly and with interest). Yes, I did read a bit of it, but I can't say that I understood any of it.

Teacher: Well, as you study it and try to understand it will be clearer to you.

Kim: (Catching the sleeve of the young man.) But listen here,—I was reading where it says we shall see him; I want to see Jesus,

if I see him and know what he is like I can believe him. Then,—now you may say this was a dream, but I don't think I was asleep—I heard a very beautiful Voice speak to me, right here in this place,—and it said "I will come to-night; I will come to this very shop." But I waited and waited, and now it is time to shut up and go home, and he has not come. What does it mean?

Teacher: O, how wonderful! That is very wonderful truly! Just what did He say?

Kim: (trying to remember exactly.) He said "Would you see me? Wait for me; look for me. I will come to this shop tonight." These are His very words.

Teacher: There deep meaning here, surely. Then who came to your shop?

Kim: O, no-one came at all.

Teacher: No-one at all? Do you mean that all the evening no-one has been here?

Kim: O, well, there was a poor leper, and a beggar woman, and a miserable thief; and let me see—yes, that apple-woman, and the chimney-sweep and the policeman,—that's all,—no-one who counts.

(Teacher stands and thinks.)

1st Student: (reaching for the Testament.) O, I know what it means. (Turns over until he finds Matt. 25: 35-40, reads:)

"For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him saying: When saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink—and the King shall answer them, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

2nd Student: O, I see,—these poor people, the leper and the beggar and the thief and all the rest of them—did you help them?

Kim: Well, (shaking his head) not very much.

Teacher: (A happy light on his face.)

This is a beautiful thing that has come to

you. God is Love—you cannot see Him with your human eye. He lives in your heart. But if He abides in your heart, if Love is there, Christ is in your life. Do you understand?

Kim: Not very clearly.

3rd Student: Although we can not see our Lord we know He is with us; when you helped those poor people did it not give you a happy feeling inside?

Kim: Why, yes, it did; when I helped them I myself forgot my own misery, but when I refused and turned away that poor leper it made me wretched all evening.

4th Student: That's it! Don't you see? None of us can understand how it is, but when we do good unto the least of these, His Love

is here, and He accepts it as unto Him!

Kim: That poor leper! I didn't give him anything, but I drove him off because I was afraid of him—I wish I hadn't done it!

I must hurry and close up this shop and maybe I can find that poor beggar.

Students together: We will go with you.

Kim: (with happy smile) Will you? That will be fine and I am sure we will find him.

Teacher: It is the birthday of the King, but we can only serve Him in serving his little ones.

Let us sing together one more Christmas hymn. Come in, boys! (Enter all the characters and they join in singing "Joy to the world.")

Christmas Roses

INTRODUCTION

A few of the Ewha College students have always known Christmas homes. To them carols and gifts have always been a part of that holy day. Some of these young women recall experiences which gave Christmas a new meaning. The roses bloomed for them in even greater beauty. Many of the Juniors recall clearly the first wonder and the holiness of the songs and the Old Story; that Baby Jesus became theirs and redeemed their homes as well. Their Christmas recollections are the most precious possessions of their girlhood. They offer you a share in these fragrant memories, and bid you accept them as a proof of their love and loyalty to Jesus Christ.

A Village Girl's Christmas Rose

One snowy December night when I was only five years old, I slept beside my mother on the warm floor of our little mountain hut. The winds went roaring up and down the ravines like a dragon and blew the snow into great drifts. After a few hours the fire in the flues underneath the floor must have died down, for when I rolled off the thick cotton mattress in my sleep the chill wakened me. Mother was soundly sleeping, so I remember cuddling under the heavy quilt again and burying my face in mother's warm breast.

A dream came to me. I played with my little friends in the old pine forest where there were great boulders. They ran farther and farther from me, singing a sweet song as they ran. It wakened me. I tried to sleep again, but I was very unhappy and I cried. Then I heard

lovely music just outside the door. Without fear I ran out just as I was. The people were beyond our brushwood garden fence. Into the snow I jumped, and made for a certain hole in the fence. I could make out at least a score of young folks holding candles flaring above their paper wrappers. They were singing a very happy song.

That was the first Christmas carol I had ever heard, for my mother was not a Christian. I had never been in a church, and no one had taught me to sing. I wanted to follow the carollers, but the wooden door was padlocked securely. I tried to squeeze through a certain hole under the fence, but mother caught me just in time, and I was led, a little screaming, back to the bedroom.

Because of that exposure I became very ill.

While I was suffering most! I begged one thing of mother: "Mother, please sing for me that 'Joy song' I heard the night that the singers came."

Alas! my mother could not sing it. She did not know "Joy to the World." I did remember the first line, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Fortunately for my harassed mother a schoolgirl, who was the sister of mother's friend, came to our village to spend her winter vacation. She came to see us and mother told her how I had teased for a certain

song. I became interested at once, and my first words to her were:

"Do you know 'Joy to the world'?"

"Yes, I know it," was her simple reply.

"Then sing it for me," I weakly commanded.

That day, I have been told, the visitor sang it twelve times for me, and still I begged for more. Then, about a month later I recovered completely, and mother and I both believe that learning to sing that song helped me to get well. That carol is the sweetest rose in all my memory garden.

A Spiritual Rose

We often think Christmas gifts must be material things, because when our Lord was born the Wise Men brought three kinds of treasures to Him:—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Think of the many spiritual gifts of that first Christmas for I know that I received a present not material which changed the whole course of my life.

Until I was almost six years old my parents were not Christians. They had not planned to send me to school, for according to old custom I was to remain within our gates to learn to keep house. Even though I was very young I wanted to attend school as my playmates did, and I wanted father and mother to be like those of my little friends—believers in Jesus.

Then came Christmas eve. How I begged to go to the neighboring church, but I was not permitted to enter the building. I do not know whether it could be called "fortunate" or not, but on that night my father was taken ill suddenly and I was sent to buy herb medicine at the corner apothecary shop. Only the distress of my father made me hurry, for I so much wanted to loiter at the lighted church.

I had walked a short distance when I heard a child sobbing faintly. Under a straw shelter, and in the light of a corner lamp, I saw a little boy huddled in the cold. At first I thought that he had been punished by his parents for he was too well-dressed for a beggar lad. But I could not stop. I remem-

bered my errand and hurried along the snow-covered road. I went to the dingy old shop where there were dried frogs and snakes and turtles all mixed up with deer's horns in the window. I went in and told the wizened old quack that I wanted some herbs for father's head. I was afraid of the smelly place and I was glad when I was once more on the road.

When I reached the circle of light at our corner, there was that little boy. He was too cold to cry any longer. I went up to him and bravely said, "Why are you crying tonight? It is too cold out here. Why don't you go home?"

He faintly murmured, "I have lost my way. I can't find my home."

"Where is your home, and why did you leave it?" I demanded.

"My home is next to the church. This afternoon father and sister went shopping. I wanted to go, too, so followed them. But they went down an alley and I lost sight of them. I wandered round a long time. When it began snowing I couldn't see my way. Everything is so strange. I do not know where I am."

I took hold of his little trembling hand and helped him up from the cold ground. Together we went to my home where I told my parents what had happened to the little lad. Mother answered quickly, "Wait until I brew this tea for father; then I will take him home. I know his people. They live next to the church, and they are Christians."

Soon mother came back with the parents of the boy. They were good, kind-looking people, and they had a modern education. They were much interested in me. "How old is your little girl?" they asked my mother.

When they heard I was almost six years old the boy's mother inquired, "Then she will attend school next spring?"

When I heard that I was very glad, but my mother determinedly replied, "No, she must stay at home until she marries. She will learn to keep house, and study our ancient customs."

Very tactfully they talked to my elders of the need of an education for all children, boys and girls. They said I would meet with much trouble if I grew up without having had a chance to go to school. I could see that father and mother were becoming impressed with the truth of what they were saying. I could

keep still no longer. Finally I broke in with, "Mother and father, I want to go to school very much. All my friends are learning to read and write, and I want you to be like these people who are Christians. I have prayed for you and father in the same way my playmates pray for theirs. Please let me go to school!"

That Christmas eve I was given the best promise a little Korean girl could wish for: a chance to go to school when the spring term opened. I enrolled in a Christian kindergarten. My parents were impressed by the way we little children were taught and loved by our teachers. My father and mother became enquirers and our home became Christian. It changed everything. I received a Christmas rose, the fragrance and beauty of which is eternal.

A Manchurian Rose

When I was six years old we left our native place and moved far to the northern part of Korea. At that time there were very few Christians in the district; there was no school or church. The people had to walk ten li to the nearest place of worship; consequently they went infrequently in the dead of winter. They did not know how to sing Christmas songs as well as my parents; they were poor, ignorant, hard-working peasants.

Soon after my family moved to this Manchurian border, father purchased a good sized straw-thatched hut, and from that time worship services were held in our home with father as local pastor. That first Christmas far from civilization father decided to have a program. Of course he had taught brother and me to sing, "Away in a Manger." Christmas eve mother dressed us very warmly in silk-wadded garments. My coat was orange-colored with striped sleeves. My long skirt was green. I had a funny black satin bonnet that kept my ears and neck warm. That night father carried me on his back through the deep snow to the humble cottages of our

neighbors, in order that they might hear me sing Luther's sweet carol. Sometimes he would hunch his shoulders a bit and whisper to the little daughter cuddled against his back, "A little more loudly, daughter." Thus he encouraged me and praised me until I was quite vain of my singing.

Christmas day was very cold. The snow made the hills loom up like mountains. The wind swept over the plains. The people waded through the pathless fields to our cottage. My family often speak of father's service that day. He was not a pastor, but he was always willing and glad to speak for Christ if the people asked him to do so. That day his theme was "Peace." I well remember that it was the first December twenty-fifth after the Armistice. As I look back I believe that was the happiest day for me, because one year later on Christmas day father died. Now as I sit here in my college room trying to recall the past, every hour of that Christmas service comes back to me, and the words which father spoke from his very heart. It is a happy recollection, but a sad one, as well.

A Rose of Kongju

Last month the superintendent of our Seoul Sunday School asked me to plan the Christmas program. Among the children chosen to take part was a six-year-old girl, intelligent-eyed, who was given a poem to recite. I could not forget the time when, I, too, recited my first Christmas poem.

The recitation concerned the birth of Christ and the happiness of little children over His coming. Our church was a large building; perhaps at that time it was one of the largest in Korea. For that occasion mother had made me a many-colored waist, a purple skirt, little embroidered slippers over white cotton cloth boots, and a long red satin gold-embroidered ribbon for my braid. My black bonnet had a great cape-like flare which spread out stiffly. You may be able to imagine how I looked as I trotted through the snow to the church; perhaps I resembled a gay little singing bird among so many slow-moving,

white-garbed pedestrians. No doubt my mind was full of the words I would say to the church people.

That night a tiny girl was helped down the aisle of a very crowded room. At last I was on the platform. I was frightened because it was a new experience for me. Rapidly I murmured, "Today I stand here to show you how happy and precious is this day. Jesus was born long ago. He loves children, and I know he loves me. With a joyful heart I have come to tell you of this Jesus."

After my lines were finished I cried out in fear. My kind teacher took me up in her arms and praised me. Since then I have taken part in many a Christmas program and I have long since ceased to be afraid. I cannot forget, however, my first recitation nor the tears I shed on that well-remembered night when I was five years old. It was a very tiny rosebud which I gave to the Baby Jesus.

A Rose from a Pastor's Daughter

Whenever I think of Christmas I am filled with reverence for the carol which I know I shall never forget. Even now I can hear the sharp but musical sound of a violin which came from out the darkness in a poor section of Seoul. I have heard many Christmas carols, and have sung many, for my father is a pastor, but no other hymn can touch me in the way that "Silent Night" can. It is my favorite among all the Christmas songs, and whenever I feel unhappy at any time I hum it.

My sister who died three years ago went with me through the way of Chongno, the business section of Seoul, one Christmas eve. It was a snowy night. We hunted in shops for gifts, and after we had finished our shopping we walked along the streets just for fun. I especially liked the cottony snowflakes hanging from the street-lamps. It was a perfect night; the night of the birthday of Jesus.

On reaching a lonely, dark alley we heard a faint but clear sound. We stopped and listen-

ed. The melody was as velvet, and as sharp as a needle. Slowly we began to walk toward its source. Suddenly a thatched hut obstructed our path. A mud wall, a torn paper window, and a twig door greeted us. The music grew fainter and ceased. A dim voice filtered through the window of oiled paper.

"Brother, tomorrow is Christmas, isn't it? People are all gay and giving but we must have a lonely time, fatherless and motherless. No presents to give nor to receive. Tch! Tch! I wish I were dead!"

"Oksoon, you promised me you would not say that again. Here, let's put the record on again, and enjoy Christmas eve a bit before we have to sell father's victrola."

Then we heard the disc beginning to whirr again. The music of "Silent Night," once more filled that muddy, stench-filled, dark, sinful alley, and lighted up my sorrowful heart. I could not stand there without wanting to help in some way.

"Sister, I will give this sweater to that girl. It will be far better than to send it to my friend who is sure to have a happy Christmas with many gifts," I said.

"Yes, you give the sweater to that girl, and I will give a necktie to her brother," my sister replied.

We wrapped the garment and the tie together, using the newspaper we had intended taking home to father. I opened the outer twig gate and slipped the package under the eaves and in front of the inner door, where the wind could not drift the snow. Then we

walked quietly and quickly through the slush and back to the highway. The last note of the violin had ceased.

From that day to this, whenever I celebrate Christmas, I am always reminded of that poor brother and sister, their dark home, my sainted sister, and the gifts we two fortunate girls were able to leave at that novel door. The music of that holy hymn touches the cords of memory. It is always with me: "Silent night, Holy night, all is calm, all is bright"—ah, I can never forget it. It is a rose that cannot fade.

Two Red, Red Roses

My first Christmas carol! From my childhood I have sung and heard many hymns. My mother is a kindergarten teacher, and early in the morning, at church or at school, we have heard her sing them countless times. I do not know when I sang my first Christmas song, or where it was, but the time I sang in a duet with Chong Chul, my dear little playmate, is with me still. I was just seven years old. In my dreams I can recall that audience, and walk those hills again near my old home.

That familiar town, and that little church! Ten years ago I left the place to come to Seoul. Can you imagine a small country church in Korea? There is a low roof made of straw, a stone chimney, small windows covered with paper instead of glass, and if you take another glimpse you will see that the walls are made of twigs and plaster. The church I knew so well had no neighbors. It had no fence round it as houses do; nothing but a hedge of forsythia, far prettier than any man-made wall. As all other country churches are like this one, it is not difficult to describe the interior: no chairs, no furniture of any kind, excepting a shelf for shoes in the rear of the place, and the pulpit at the front of the room. The people sit upon a warmed oil-paper floor, upon which round rice-straw mats are strewn. Smoky oil lamps give indistinct light.

It was Christmas eve. An old man, the

pastor, stood upon a low platform talking to more than a hundred happy people. He was dressed in a long white coat which made his face look wrinkled and careworn, but kindly. I was seven. My mind was as bright as the stars. My playmate, Chong Chul, lived very far from my home, but I had gone to her once, and she had visited me once on that cold, snowy day before Christmas. We had much to do. We wanted to talk over our dresses and to practise our duet many times. I still remember it clearly, and wonder why that day was so long to two little girls.

When the day began to grow dark my chum called at our house. She was dressed in white, a long red ribbon fastened to her black braid. I, too, was dressed like her, excepting that I had red silk shoes which were given me by my mother. She wanted me to wear a blue coat, also, but I refused to do so because my friend did not have one.

We ran to the church and watched the villagers as they decorated the house of God. The church door was arched in green; inside, near the platform, were two little fir trees trimmed with candles, stars and festoons. Underneath were piles of gifts. These interested me for I knew that one of the packages would be mine that night. We walked round and round, gazing at everything; but we did not grow weary.

After a time parishioners came carrying

their children on their backs. Then we two children began worrying for fear we should not get a chance to practise our duet before the program. We wanted to go outside but our teachers were unwilling to let us go. At last we decided upon a plan. We said to our teacher, "We must go out to get a drink. If we cannot go we shall not be able to sing well, for we are so thirsty." She laughed, but let us go out. We went to the well, hauled up some water, drank from the gourd dipper, and then, out in the churchyard, in the moonlight we practised our duet. Then we went inside the church and sat far down in front.

Perhaps you know that in our Korean buildings we never wear our street shoes. We usually leave them at the door. How could I leave my precious slippers in the rack at the door? I insisted upon carrying them in my hands to my floor place. Soon our turn came to sing. I stood up and looked at my footgear there on the floor. I could not leave them, even though my teacher told me she would guard them. I carried my shoes proudly to the

platform and placed them just in front of me. When I stooped to do so, many curious people stood up to learn what it was that such a tiny girl had done. When they discovered that I had taken my new shoes with me they laughed heartily.

Bravely we two little girls sang, "Away in a Manger, no place for His head," and I forgot everything else but our singing and my bright red slippers glowing before me on the yellow straw matting. My eyes never once left off looking at them, but I sang my best. After we had finished and bowed, I picked up my little shoes and hurriedly took my seat upon the floor below.

My childhood has passed away. For many years I have lived in this busy city of Seoul. Although I hear "Away in a Manger" every Christmas at church, still it is not our duet. I'd love to sing the carol again under the smoky oil lamps in that humble little church; but of course I should want to sing it with no other than my small girl friend, Chong Chul of my native village.

A Rose of 1933

This year some of the college girls went to the slums of Seoul to share our Christmas joy with the cold and hungry. We carried bundles of rice and of clothing on our heads. The poor folks ran out to meet us, and when we gave to them they wept for gratitude. Others went to a village where there were many pitiful children. We gave the older ones pencils and paper; to the tiny folk cakes and nuts. The Ewha College buildings now being constructed were the background for a party given for the Chinese, Japanese, and Korean working men. Some of the Christian Chinese sang, and even

though they and the Japanese did not understand our words as we told them of Christ's coming as a little child, still their eyes showed they were happy. Some of the men sang a carol for us, we gave each one of them a little gift.

We offer you who love us and are praying for us this bouquet of roses fragrant with Christmas memories. Take them for they belong to you. May these flowers bring to you the message of good will which we have tried to give it.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Some of the beautiful and fragrant memories of Christmas given by Ewha students? ... (pages 237-9)
2. How Christmas was celebrated at Chemulpo Dispensary? ... (page 240)
3. How Park College honored Miss Best at the time of the Semi-centennial celebration? ... (page 241)
4. How the school at Tongyung seeks to relieve destitute women? ... (page 243)
5. What new historical play presents some of the interesting events leading to the opening of Korea fifty years ago? ... (page 247)
6. In what two ways Rural Public Health Education is given to the people? ... (page 248)

Christmas at the Chemulpo Dispensary

MISS B. A. KOSTRUP

CHRISTMAS BEGINS very early at the Dispensary for, with the heavy Dispensary work and the few workers, we must begin our preparations early in order to be ready when the time comes. This year the time for the Christmas tree for the Baby Clinic children and their mothers was set for December 16th. In former years we have had it upstairs in the Dispensary building, but as the number of children have increased—we now have 300—it was necessary to borrow the church. They were invited for two o'clock, but already at twelve the mothers began to arrive and by two the church was pretty well filled. It was decorated with pine branches, and a pretty Christmas tree and the traditional Santa Claus stood among the gifts on the table.

After singing the Christmas hymns the meeting was opened with prayer, and then Pastor Pai of Seoul spoke to the mothers. It was no easy task, for the children were noisy and, it being their day, we didn't try to put too much restraint on them. Then, too, the mothers came from all walks of life, rich and poor, and all the different religions were represented—Protestant and Catholic and the non-Christian religions. But Pastor Pai was able to hold their attention as he spoke to them of Christmas, and its meaning to us and to all motherhood of the world.

Meanwhile the children had been watching the table and the gifts with much interest, and finally the great moment had arrived for the gifts to be distributed. Each older child received a red Christmas stocking filled with animal crackers, and the babies received a bib. For the mothers we had a card with a Christmas greeting and John 3:16 printed in full; the card had a ribbon loop at the bottom

to which were fastened ten safety-pins. The latter were a gift from the Junior missionary societies in Chicago. They had been coming in during the year—paper hearts filled with them—until I had more safety pins than I had ever seen before at one time, and they were a sight to gladden any missionary's heart. The mothers were told that these things were all love gifts from friends at home and many of the mothers expressed their appreciation.

We wanted our Dispensary patients, too, to feel that it was Christmas, so the last two days before Christmas we had the rooms decorated and the women patients received a card with safety pins and the children a stocking.

Our Biblewoman, on her visits out in the homes, finds a great many very poor families, and for them we prepared packages of warm knitted clothing, gifts from friends in Denmark.

Many children here, as in other cities, have been running the streets begging, so the city officials, together with some public spirited citizens, have started a rope factory, where they put these beggar boys to work, giving them food three times a day, a place to sleep, clothes, and if sick they are fed and given medicine; there also is a night-school for them. When we at the Dispensary heard about this work, we wanted to do a little for the boys at Christmas, so ordered a good meal for them for Sunday noon. There were about thirty boys and the Biblewoman went out to see that they had all they could eat and she also gave a little talk to them.

We rejoice that there is more of the spirit of helping others, not only among the Christians but also among the non-Christians.

Park College Honors Miss Best

REV. J. G. HOLDCROFT, D. D.

ON JULY 2nd in connection with the Jubilee of the Chosen Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. a very happy surprise was given Miss Margaret Best of Pyengyang. This was the granting of the degree of Doctor of Laws by Miss Best's Alma Mater, Park College, Parkville, Mo., U. S. A.

Miss Best is not only an alumna of Park but before coming to Korea was a member of the faculty and has always been held in the highest esteem at Park. Also Park College followed her career in Korea with great interest, so that as soon as President Frederick W. Hawley heard of the Jubilee Celebration in Korea and of the very significant contribution that Miss Best has made to the work for women in Korea, he laid the matter before the Board of Directors, which gladly granted the degree and sent word to the Chosen Mission to make the announcement at its Jubilee Celebration.

No inkling of the fact that she was to receive such a degree was allowed to reach Miss Best until the moment for its announcement arrived. However, the President of Severance Union Medical College had been let into the secret and he very kindly furnished academic gowns for all who were to participate.

These participants were all Park College graduates. In addition to those living and working in Korea, of whom there are about twenty, there were also present the Reverend Lapsley A. McAfee, D. D., son of the founder and himself long the pastor of The College Church, and the Reverend Harry S. Roming of China.

As Miss Best was finishing the reading of her paper on 'Fifty Years of Women's Work'

these Park alumni gathered behind the screens at the rear of Post Chapel and there donned caps and gowns. Then led by Dr. McAfee and Dr. Geo. S. McCune they marched down the aisles at either side of the building and gathered in a semi-circle in front of the platform, and Miss Best was asked to take her place in the center of the semi-circle.

Announcement was made of the granting of the degree, after which Doctors McAfee and McCune arrayed Dr. Best in a doctor's gown and hood and the ceremony was closed by the Park Alumni singing a favorite Park hymn 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me,' and then it was time for congratulations to Dr. Best.

No woman in Korea has made a greater contribution to the womanhood and the homes of Korea than Dr. Best. She pioneered in Bible Class Work in the country, in Bible Institute Work in the great Mission Station at Pyengyang, and also was the main factor in the establishment of the Women's Higher Bible School, which is not a Station but a Mission institution, serving also some of the other Missions as well as the Northern Presbyterian. In these various ways Miss Best's influence in furtherance of the Gospel has extended into hundreds of homes throughout the country. All who know her, Korean associates as well as missionary friends, rejoice in the honor that has come to her and know that it is well deserved because of the outstanding quality of her work through many years.

This recognition, given by an institution which has sent many missionaries into the field, proves once again that the Church and the Christian Educational world in America acknowledges the value of effective mission work and honors those engaged in it.

A Vocational Farm School for Destitute Women

MISS EDITH A. KERR

OUR VOCATIONAL Farm School is gradually emerging from the chrysalis of the Tongyung Industrial School, which in its turn was founded some 16 years ago on the desperate need of a single woman. This metamorphosis has been going on slowly during the last four years; it has been trying its wings before attempting full flight. A small poultry farm of some hundred birds, less than a dozen goats, a few families of good rabbits, vegetables for the dormitory use, and farming to supply the needs of the live stock, have provided healthy and happy employment for some of the girls gathered together in this pioneer farm school for destitute women of Korea.

With this four years' background of experience we now propose to move to a more adequate site, one offering better facilities for marketing and transport. In the near future we hope to be permanently established at Tongnai, a few miles out of Fusan, the chief port of Korea. Since its inception the school has stood as a refuge for girls and young women in danger and distress.

The problem of destitution among the women of Korea has a twofold root—firstly, in the economic distress of the people. Dire poverty and absolute want drive many parents to seek temporary succour through the sale of a comely young daughter for immoral purposes. Just now, when the cupboard is bare, before the gathering of the barley harvest, hundreds of young girls are being bought up for the quickly developing State of Manchukuo. Most of these girls are from country villages. Quite often their parents are deceived by the procurers, who tell fine tales of lucrative employment in factories or elsewhere, and pay down sums of from thirty to six hundred yen and more for the unfortunate girls they want. In Fusan, where the great railroad meets the steamer

plying across the Straits to Japan, thousands of country girls are trapped on their way to seek a means of livelihood. The cry of the desperate need of these girls, whose right to a decent womanhood is stolen from them, offers a challenge that should move the heart of the Christian Church to its depths, and awaken an agony of conscience that cannot rest till this evil be purged out of the life of the community.

The second root cause of destitution is to be found in the time honoured traditions of ancestor worship. Ancestor worship demands sons for its continuance. The woman who has none is usually supplanted or cast out altogether. She has no right of return to her parents' home. She has nowhere to go, and can find nothing to do. The number who beg to be taken into the Tongyung Industrial School exceeds many times the number that can be received. Those who have found refuge have helped to support themselves in the past by the production of fine needlework. The sale of this has depended on a market—largely a charity market—in Australia.

Foreign markets, subject to fluctuations of trade and tariffs, and to keen competition from sweated conditions, are at best an uncertain foundation on which to build up a self-supporting industry. Such needlework can never become a village occupation. It demands foreign supervision, and can therefore not be regarded as adequate vocational training. Eighty-three per cent of Korea's teeming population is rural, yet there is little being done in the way of subsidiary occupations complementary to agriculture, and within the scope of women. It is here we think to find the solution of the problem of a livelihood for these destitute women.

No rural programme can be complete which does not provide for the training and co-operation of women. The ideals and cultural

qualities of the community depend much up on them. Changes in family and social customs revolve very greatly round the women, and the growth of the Christian Church is closely bound up with changes in social customs. The aim of our Women's Vocational Farm School is to prove to the Church and to the community the possibilities that exist for women in co-operation in rural problems—that woman has a useful place in society, and a right to fill that place as a respected and self-respecting unit. We are working under a great handicap towards making our School a demonstration centre in-so-far as our girls come to us without previous education, or even aptitude for this work. Their desperate need is their sole qualification for entrance.

The school curriculum provides for some elementary education. It includes some teaching in hygiene, baby welfare, and simple home nursing. The vocational training is theoretical as well as practical in all branches. Animal husbandry (poultry, rabbits, goats, bees, pigs) gardening, simple carpentry, book-binding, dressmaking, and Korean and foreign needlework are the departments now being developed. We plan to add sericulture, and the raising of small fruits, vegetables and flowers in the future. The reorganised farm school at Tongnai will have a two years' course of training instead of four, as has been in the past, with an extra year or two of directed, intense practical work in attached farm projects for certain selected women. As part of the rural programme it is hoped to extend club work to the neighbouring villages, where the older girls can be gathered together for lessons in Scripture, hygiene and handicrafts. Proportionately as a girl can be made an economic asset in the home, so will the danger threatening her through poverty tend to disappear automatically.

There is barely accommodation for the twenty-five girls in residence at the present time in our Tongyung dormitory. In addition nine workers are billeted in private homes. Four girls have been passed on to Chinju to

complete the primary school course there while still supporting themselves by needle work sent to them by post from our Industrial Department. One of these girls was twice sold by her father, and twice rescued by the Christians of her village. One is the child of a slave woman, one a cripple, the other an epileptic.

In our Tongyung family a girl with a withered arm has been with us for eight years, there is one with encephalitis, three with very deficient eyesight, a number of deserted wives, some widows, three wives of lepers and younger girls brought from circumstances of grave danger. Their ages range from thirty-five to our baby of ten. This little one was brought to us after having been tossed from pillar to post. Her mother, a secondary wife, had died a few months before, leaving the child unowned and uncared for. Her sphinx-like expression has now melted into childish laughter. She is learning to tend and milk the goats, for her eyesight will not permit of any fine needlework. One waif, a girl of fifteen, got here, somehow, the several hundred miles from Kwangju because she heard it was good to be in Tongyung! Of the older women, one exercising a strong and Christ-like influence among the others was formerly a 'gesang' prostitute. After six years well spent in the Rescue Home in Seoul, she has come to us to learn how to support herself and her son. Three others have also returned after twelve months in the Rescue Home. One of these is still a mere girl but with a past too terrible even to think upon. Thank God her future is full of hope, for in the darkness the Light of the World shone upon her. She has unusual initiative and executive ability, with distinct gifts of leadership combined with a certain knowledge of the saving love of God in Christ Jesus.

Each girl is here because of tragedy in the past, or of desperate need, yet—

Each one could be a Jesus mild,
Each one has been a little child,
A little child with laughing look,
A lovely, white, unwritten book.

The silent cry of agony from the girlhood of Korea is going up almost unheeded because of pressure of other work, of apathy, of pre-occupation with other activities distinctly *within* the Church, of lack of knowledge of

existing conditions, and largely because of lack of the funds necessary for rescue work and the subsequent necessary vocational training—the soul cry of these little ones for whom Christ died.

The Tenth Convention of the Korean Y. W. C. A.

HELEN K. KIM, PH. D.



THE BIENNIAL Convention of the Korean Y. W. C. A. was held August 27-30 in the new Y. W. C. A. headquarters in Seoul. Fifty delegates, representing eleven student branches, city groups and the National Committee, met for the first time in a building bought and owned by them. Four student groups and six city centers sent only written reports and messages with regrets for not being able to come. The desk chairs borrowed from Ewha College filled the room to its maximum capacity, but they were a great convenience to the members for they had many occasions to take notes. A school dormitory near by made it possible for the out-of-town delegates to live together all during the convention.

The convention days started at six, when the rising bell was rung. Then from 7.00—7.20 all the members kept the morning-watch, using the same devotional material which was prepared by Miss Esther Hong, the new Vice-Chairman of the National Committee. The general subject of the material was "The Behaviour of the Christian." Appropriate verses from the Bible, stimulating questions directed to individuals, and earnest prayers for better living characterized these lessons.

From 8.00—9.00 the convention met as a family and had the worship period led by different delegates. From 9.00—12.30 the group work began. Then again from 2.00—6.00 in the afternoon the groups worked together. Evening sessions were all devoted to the corporate seeking after fuller and richer spiritual experiences and values. Lectures on

religious problems, discussions on Y. W. C. A. problems, and business items occupied the other sessions.

Our leader for lectures on religious problems and for the evening meetings was Rev. In-Koo Youn of Chinju. He sought through his lectures to straighten out the religious thinking of the group from the life point of view. His general theme for these lectures was "Rebuilding our Faith." He presented religion as the way of life, God as the creator of life, and Jesus as the interpreter of life. In the evening meetings he sought to enable the group to get into direct communion with God, Bible stories simply told and applied to the modern life were a very effective characteristic of his talks. To both of these efforts of his God richly added His power, and the convention had a very real spiritual experience. He met both the intellectual and emotional needs of the people in their understanding and appreciation of God. The convention was very much privileged to have had his help.

The discussions on Y. W. C. A. problems were vigorously participated in by the members. The responsibility of the Y. W. C. A. toward all kinds and groups of women and girls was the first topic. The organization of the Y. W. C. A. in its different aspects was discussed—as world, national and local organizations. The spiritual values of the Y. W. C. A. that make the mechanical organization possible were characterized as the consciousness of having the same ideals and purpose, the experience of cooperation in difficult as well as enjoyable projects, and the love of Christ

that forgives all.

Under the work of the Y. W. C. A. club programs were emphasized. The most difficult problem was faced when the discussion reached the question of leadership and finance for the newer programs. The comparative merits of volunteer and employed workers were discussed, and the convention came to the conclusion that local groups should begin to employ workers even on a very small scale. For the support of the national work the convention voted to start a savings fund. Each local branch is to commemorate June 22nd as the birthday of the national work. A special collection will be taken on this occasion each year and sent to the National Committee for this fund. The purchase of our new building was made possible by a saving plan of this sort extending over a period of ten years. In five years' time this fund will yield an income sufficient to support at least one full-time secretary for the national work.

After this the discussion turned to the question of relationships with the churches, with other women's organizations, and with the Y. W. C. A. movements all over the world. The gist of the conclusion reached was that no standing organizational relationships are possible with other organizations, but that the cooperative spirit should underlie all relationships wherever the purpose and the dominating motive are in harmony with our Y. W. C. A. But when it comes to the question of our Y. W. C. A. leaders, there should be greater concentration upon our own activities, since they are volunteer workers and their time and energy are naturally limited. It was considered unwise for a leader in the community who has already accepted a responsible office in the Y. W. C. A. to either start a new organization for similar activities or to accept responsibilities in such a one. Concentration, consecration, and constancy were earnestly requested of the leaders.

To make our relationship vital and concrete with the World's Y. W. C. A., the convention

decided to keep the World Fellowship Week in November. At this time, as it is done elsewhere, a voluntary offering is to be taken and sent to the World's Committee. This year will be the first time we have carried out this plan. There was a real consciousness of world-fellowship at the convention; messages from Australia, the United States and the World's Committee heightened this experience. The cooperation of the Foreign Division of the U. S. A. in the purchase of our new building also helped to make this experience real and lasting.

The newly elected officers of the National Committee are as follows :

Chairman.....	Mrs. Kakyung Yu Lee
Vice-Chairman	Miss Esther Hong
Secretary.....	Miss Unsook Saw
"	Miss Maria Pak
Treasurer	Mrs. Helen Choi
"	Miss Shinsil Kim
General Secretary	Miss Helen K. Kim

The motto of the convention was "*Himssuja*" which means "Let us work with all our strength." This phrase is found in Matt. 11:12 in the Korean version of the Bible. All the members lived out this motto during the convention. And at the closing service we all consecrated ourselves anew to God and promised Him and each other that we would live out the motto as individuals and as groups. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, so instead of lighting the candles, each delegate pasted a blue triangle on our map as she was making this pledge, "I, believing in the purpose of the Y. W. C. A., which is a communion of Christian women all over the world, pledge to live and work individually and as a group with all the strength that God provides so as to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God into our world."

A CORRECTION

We are asked to say that in the article on Miss Shepping which appeared in our September number the word 'Korea' should read 'Kwangju' so that the corrected sentence will read "She organized the W. C. T. U. in Kwangju."

What's Interesting the Korean Church

Being Extracts from the "Christian Messenger"

Translated by BRUCE F. HUNT

The first Quadrennial Conference of the Christian Endeavour Society of Korea was held in Pyengyang Aug. 28-Sept. 4. It was attended by 3,000 delegates and as many as 5,000 attended the evening meetings. A Temperance Oratorical contest was held during the Convention which was won by Miss Sook Hee Song of Choongchung Province. (Her father is a wealthy brewer.) Her theme was "The Necessity of Prohibition in Korea."

On September 10th, in connection with the 23rd General Assembly of the Korean Presbyterian Church, a Jubilee celebration of the coming of Protestant Missionaries to Korea was held in the Soongsil Academy Gymnasium, Pyengyang. Over 4,000 were present at the meeting. Rev. In Sik Lee, Moderator of the General Assembly, presided. The address was given by Rev. Sun Ju Kil, the "Blind Pastor" after which congratulatory expressions were given by representatives of the Government General.

The 23rd General Assembly of the Korean Presbyterian Church met in the West Gate Church, Pyengyang, Sept. 7th-14th. 78 pastors, 78 elders, and 37 missionaries were present. The organization of the work of the Assembly under Boards, as adopted last year was reconsidered and rejected.

The Statistician reported that there are now 2,724 churches in the Korean Presbyterian Church and 298,431 adherents.

It was voted to dispense with the office rooms of the National Christian Council and to send only five representatives to the meeting of the Council this year.

The action refusing to give letters of transfer to those going to the Holiness Church, taken last year, was revoked.

It was voted to refer the question of organizing synods to the Presbyteries for vote.

It was voted to approve the constitution of the Korean Church of Christ in Japan.

It was voted to approve the constitution of the Women's Missionary Society.

It was voted to have the Religious Education Department of the Assembly prepare a Hymn book, a Bible Study Course for Academies, a Book of Best Sermons preached by Korean pastors, a History of the

50 years of the Korean Church, and a Bible Commentary.

It was voted to take up a collection to establish an endowment for the Seminary as a Jubilee memorial.

The next meeting of the Assembly is to be in Sin Wiju, the border town between Korea and Manchuria.

The recently elected president of Chosen Christian College, Dr. H. H. Underwood, has recently returned from furlough in the States and brings new life to the College. While in U. S. A. he secured building plans for a library which can hold 300,000 books; a church building, for a college church, which will seat 1,200; and a music hall. These plans were prepared by a well known architect, Dr. Richie.

The National Christian Council met in Songdo, Sept. 19-21. 57 delegates from 15 organizations were present.

They elected members to a new Union Hymnal Committee.

They voted to change the representation from the different organizations by reducing the number to one half of the former number.

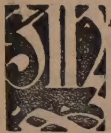
The method of electing members to the Executive Committee was changed so that in the future the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches will elect four each to the Executive Committee and four other members will be elected by the Council one each from four of the other represented bodies. No one of these other organizations to be represented on the Executive Committee two years in succession.

On Sept. 8th, the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church met in Pyengyang and voted to take as its motto "Without ceasing." The Society has two missionaries working under it, Miss Soon Ho Kim in Shantung, whose first furlough is due next year, and Miss Chung Hui Yoon in Mukden, Manchuria. The annual budget of the Society comes to ₩ 1,945.96.

The three Presbyteries, Pyung Pook, Ouisan, and Yongchun, recently voted, as a Jubilee memorial, to establish a ₩ 30,000 endowment for carrying on the preaching of the Gospel.

When Korea's Doors Opened

CHARLES A. SAUER

ANY WRITERS have told us the story of how Korea's doors swung open fifty years ago; Miss Wagner has now told us in a new way in her historical play, "At the Hermit's Gate."

This play has a three-fold interest for readers of the Korea Mission Field. The play is a contribution to the now rapidly increasing field of religious drama. In the second place it is a missionary play and the Christian Church is always interested in ways and means of telling the missionary story. In the third place it is history and those interested in knowing the historical setting of the Korean peninsula in general and of missions in particular will find here reproduced the spirit of an age now gone by.

Fifty years ago the world was trying to get inside the gate. Miss Wagner presents one party on the outside trying to get in and two parties on the inside of the gate, one seeking to open the gate, the other to keep it closed.

This play was written primarily to be presented at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration in Seoul last June. Among the interested spectators who crowded Pai Chai Auditorium on that occasion was Dr. Yun Tchi Ho, outstanding Methodist layman. Just fifty years ago, Dr. Yun, then a mere youth, had acted as interpreter for General Foot, United States Minister, and it was with keen interest that he demanded to know the name of the young man taking the part of Yun Tchi Ho.

Another coincidence of the play was the fact that a son and daughter-in law of two of the original characters had a part in the cast of the play, while the play itself was given in the auditorium of the school founded by one of the original characters.

In an historical play fanciful situations and

fanciful characters give way to real men and women. The Footez, Maclays, Gouchers, Marquis Kim and Prince Min are real characters in history and many little touches help us to see them as they were. We smile as we see Mrs. Goucher, firm in her determination to treat her Oriental guests just as she would any other guests, hastily withdrawing her extended hand when the Prince bows so low he does not even see it. We listen breathlessly as Mrs. Foote recounts her early experiences of waiting in Chemulpo harbour. Our hearts thrill as we see Maclay win his goal on the eve of the glorious Fourth.

We must express some doubt about the historicity of Miss Simpson. She seems out of place as she weeps for the poor little bride going to that awful place. But she serves by contrast to bring out more fully the true spirit of the missionary candidates, and we are glad she got into the picture. And if we face the facts every missionary candidate and every mission office know their Miss Simpsons. Life is more full of zest because of them!

After reading the play we can only wish that Miss Wagner will at once set about writing another. We need a sequel to "At The Hermit's Gate." We want to see what happened after the missionary got inside the gate.

What a crowning event in this Jubilee year it might be if the followers of Appenzeller and Underwood might celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their joint arrival on Korean soil next April by uniting in such a portrayal of the successes of these fifty years.

Note: Miss Wagner's Play has been published and is on sale by the Christian Literature Society, Seoul, Korea. The price is twenty-five cents, post-paid, or five copies for one dollar.

Rural Public Health Education

E. W. DEMAREE, M. D.

THERE ARE TWO ways in which Rural Public Health Education may be brought to the people. The first is by and through mission organizations. This seems to have been the method of choice up to the present time and, as can be easily seen, only a very small percentage of the people have even been touched. Let us consider for a moment the work of a single, public health unit headed by a missionary. If this group could reach one representative from each of fifty families each day, once per month, through lectures, clinics, demonstrations, or visits, it would be able to reach 1200 families per year. Supposing that we have some 3,600,000 families in Korea, we can see that it would require 3,000 such public health groups. Allowing ¥ 5,000 for salaries and supplies of missionary and helpers, and for equipment of each group, we find that we would have an annual budget of fifteen million yen. It does not require careful second thought to realize that the entertaining of such ideas is foolish.

The second method, which brings a glimmer of plausibility, is by training leaders who will carry on the work on their own initiative and finances. They would have to sell themselves to the public, raising their budget either through subsidy from government sources or public spirited citizens, or through small fees for the services rendered. I believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

At the present time we can scarcely expect an increase in missionary personnel or financial appropriation to carry on this piece of work. I do not believe, however, that we must necessarily wait for a better day. We can do much by concentrating available personnel and finances in a comprehensive cooperative organization. Until now the entire medical program has been carried on by a large number of non-cooperating, individua-

listic units. In looking back over the files of the KOREA MISSION FIELD, particularly for the years 1915-18, I find that practically every doctor and nurse has advocated a better manned and better equipped and financed medical unit. With the present increase in governmental and private medical institutions, the need for perfection of the individual medical units supported by the missions is greatly increased. It is high time that we began to put our theories into practice. In order to do this it will be necessary for every missionary to be so consecrated to service, that he will subjugate personal, institutional, and station pride and sentiment, to work toward the formation of policies and action, resulting in maximum efficiency and utilization of resources, in meeting this great problem.

A greater demand for modern medical care would surely be created through the knowledge gained by the people in this program of Rural Public Health Education. Certainly it is useless to create this demand unless it can be met. For this we must fall back on our hospital center which must be properly manned, properly equipped, and properly financed. In connection with this we would have our dispensaries, and these two agencies working together would care for the acute and chronic cases encountered in the Rural Program, who have realized the need for, and desire, modern medical and surgical treatment.

The need for Public Health Education being only too apparent, realizing that we can not personally conduct a comprehensive program for all of Korea, how shall we train native workers to minister to the needs?

First, we must have the fullest cooperation of all missionary doctors and nurses on the field. These must be filled with a contagious spirit of service which will infect the prospective workers. Unless the Koreans are burdened with the needs of their own people and

filled with a spirit of Christian service and active zeal, the entire program will fail. This is the hardest task. It is going to take more personal contact and example than is now acquired in our medical or nurses' training schools.

Second, we must have more practical and theoretical instruction incorporated in the curricula of these schools. Where there is a "Demonstration Circuit" in connection with the hospital or school, it should be arranged for the student to have some practical field work before graduation. Here, they would be observers and helpers of the regular workers.

Third, all our hospitals should be using interns or residents, who, during their term of service would be taken over demonstration circuits, and given a vision of the need as well as the benefits derived from these educational methods. One intern worked with me during 1932 when I was actively engaged in this rural work. After finishing his internship he set up in practice for himself. He himself attributes much of his success, which has been great, to the public health work which he has done since engaging in private practice. I think there can be no question but that the efficiency of the Medical School graduate is doubled by a year's internship. We need more interns and residents, who after this bit of extra training in our hospitals can go out and minister to the masses of the people. Here we will find a great return for a small investment. Here, as in most other phases of mission work, we fall short in the task, we do not finish the job begun, we do not follow up.

In the same way we could graduate nurses who had received training along this line. The training should be given in part during the regular course of training, or it might be added in one or more years of post-graduate work. At the present time our graduate nurses are trained only for institutional work or for doctors' assistants. Many think there is no place for private duty nursing in Korea on account of the economic condition of the people. If we are to continue graduating a large

number of nurses, it will soon be that we will need a place for them to work. This could well be found in Public Health work. Certainly our nurses need more in their training that they will be able to use in their homes or pass on to their villages.

After the students have been trained to carry on this Public Health work, and go out to face the world under their own power, they will fall into two classes. First, will be those who become full time Public Health workers. Many of these may be assisted at the start by the organization in which they received their training. Such support should be only temporary so far as finances go, though it would be an excellent plan to continue friendly relations, and offer suggestions where advisable and desired.

Probably the larger number would become part time workers, carrying on the public health work in connection with, or as a sideline to, their other work. Here we would have doctors in practice who would have time and the vision to carry on this work in their own community. They would soon learn that such interest and help to their own people would greatly increase their practice and income, in addition to giving them the joy that comes with service.

Then there would be the nurse, employed as an assistant in a doctor's office, who would find time to do this work in the same village. Other nurses who become married might still find time for this work, either through the local church or independently. It would give them a place of service in the community. Much of this might not be regularly organized public health educational work, but this type of nurse would have something practical to pass on to her neighbors, over the back fence or at the well. Others might carry on this work in connection with the practice of midwifery. In fact the possibilities are almost unlimited. It waits only to be tried.

You will no doubt think that in gathering these few thoughts I have often wandered far from the subject in hand. However, there is

such an inter-relation in all phases of the medical program that it is hard to touch on any one point without mentioning most of the others. Our personnel, equipment, and finances are so limited that we face a crisis in the entire program. We can not conscientiously continue the individualistic policies that have been in force up to the present time. We must concentrate and coordinate our efforts in a united program that we may find the greatest results for our labor.

Mrs. George Heber Jones

Mrs. George Heber Jones, one of the pioneer missionaries of Korea, has spent many years in establishing and working with the Korean Church in New York City. Last year she retired and is now living with her son-in-law, a naval officer in San Diego, Cal. On her recent visit to New York City the members of the Korean Church honored Mrs. Jones in a very special way. In writing of this occasion she says:

"After the service the pastor said that he had a pleasant duty to perform. He stepped down in front of the pulpit and read an appreciation of my services to the Koreans in New York and presented me with a gold medal. On one side is the Korean emblem in blue and red enamel, on the other is the inscription "To Mrs. Margaret Jones for your loyal service. From the Korean Church, New York City, June, 1934."

"A dainty gold chain came with it, the loveliest thing of its kind that I have ever seen. I was moved to tears; I felt that it was breaking the box of alabaster ointment and I knew that the price of the gift would have gone a long way toward paying the Church debts. But knowing the spirit of love which prompted it I could but accept in the same spirit."

Notes and Personals

Northern Presbyterian Mission.

Returned from Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Pieters, Seoul

Southern Presbyterian Mission.

Returned from a Short Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark, C. L. S., Seoul.

Australian Presbyterian Mission.

Left on Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Anderson, Fusanchin.

Miss C. L. Maxwell has returned to Australia after rendering some months of voluntary help to Tong-yung Station.

New Arrivals

Rev. and Mrs. E. W. New and two children, Kumasan.

Returned from Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Cunningham and two sons, to Chinju.

Northern Methodist Mission.

Left for Shanghai

Bishop and Mrs. H. Welch.

Returned from U. S. A.

Miss Olive Becker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Becker, Seoul.

Southern Methodist Mission.

Arrived from the United States (for a short visit)

Bishop Albert Moore, D. D.

United Church of Canada Mission.

Marriage

On September 29, at Toronto, Hazel, the fourth daughter of Dr. Robert Grierson, Sungjin, was married to Mr. Frank Henry Hall of Toronto.

British and Foreign Bible Society.

Mr. Thomas Hobbs has gone to Kobe, Japan, to take charge of the work of the Agency for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stephan of the U. S. Consulate General, Seoul, left early in October for a six months' holiday in the U. S. A.